

THE RESCUE OF

THE PRINCESS

DONAHOE



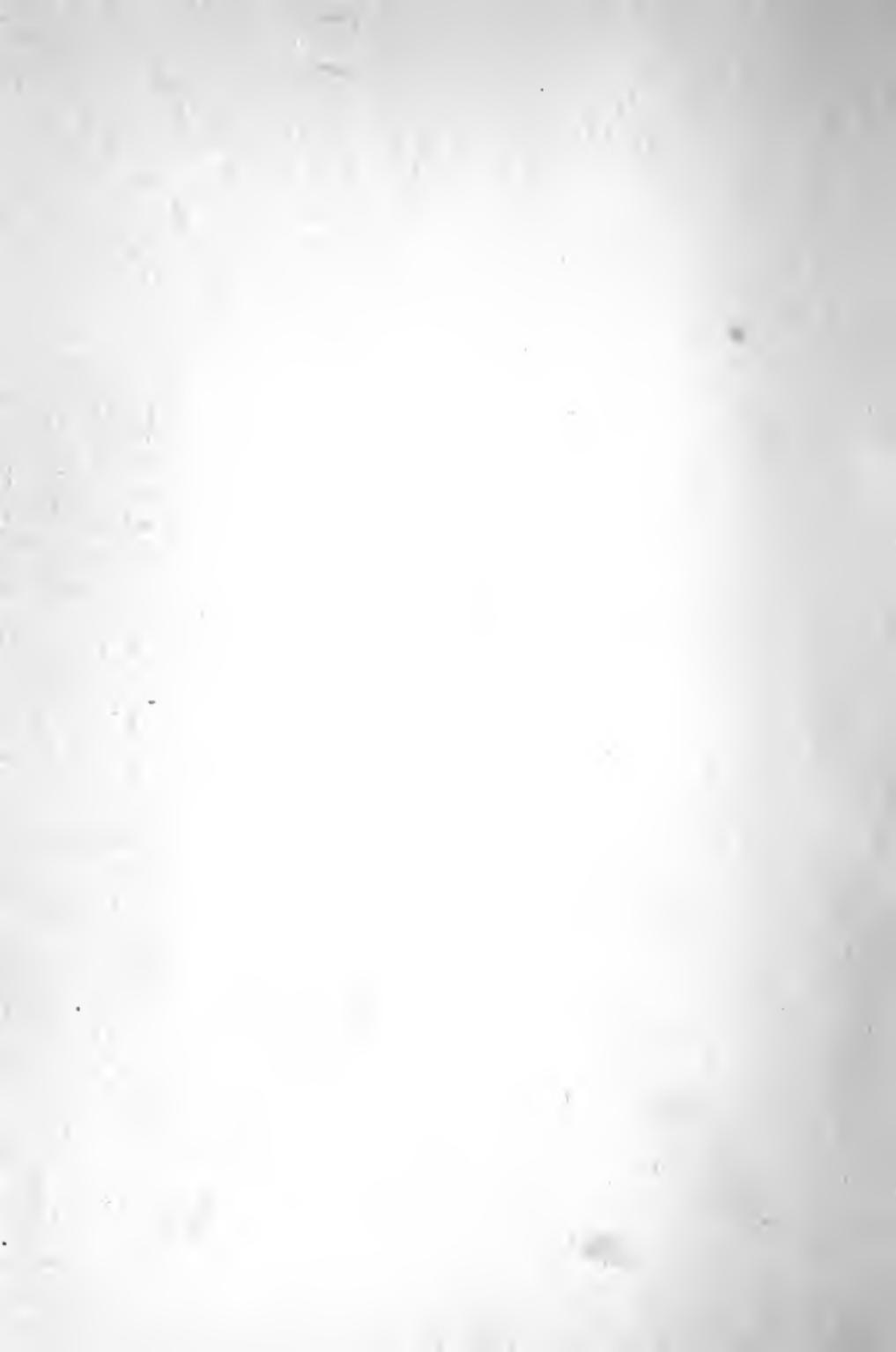
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THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS

A SONG OF THE GREAT DAWN

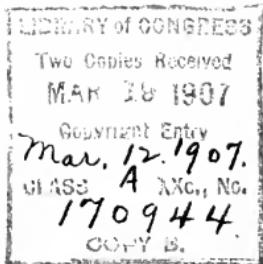
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BY

DANIEL J. DONAHOE

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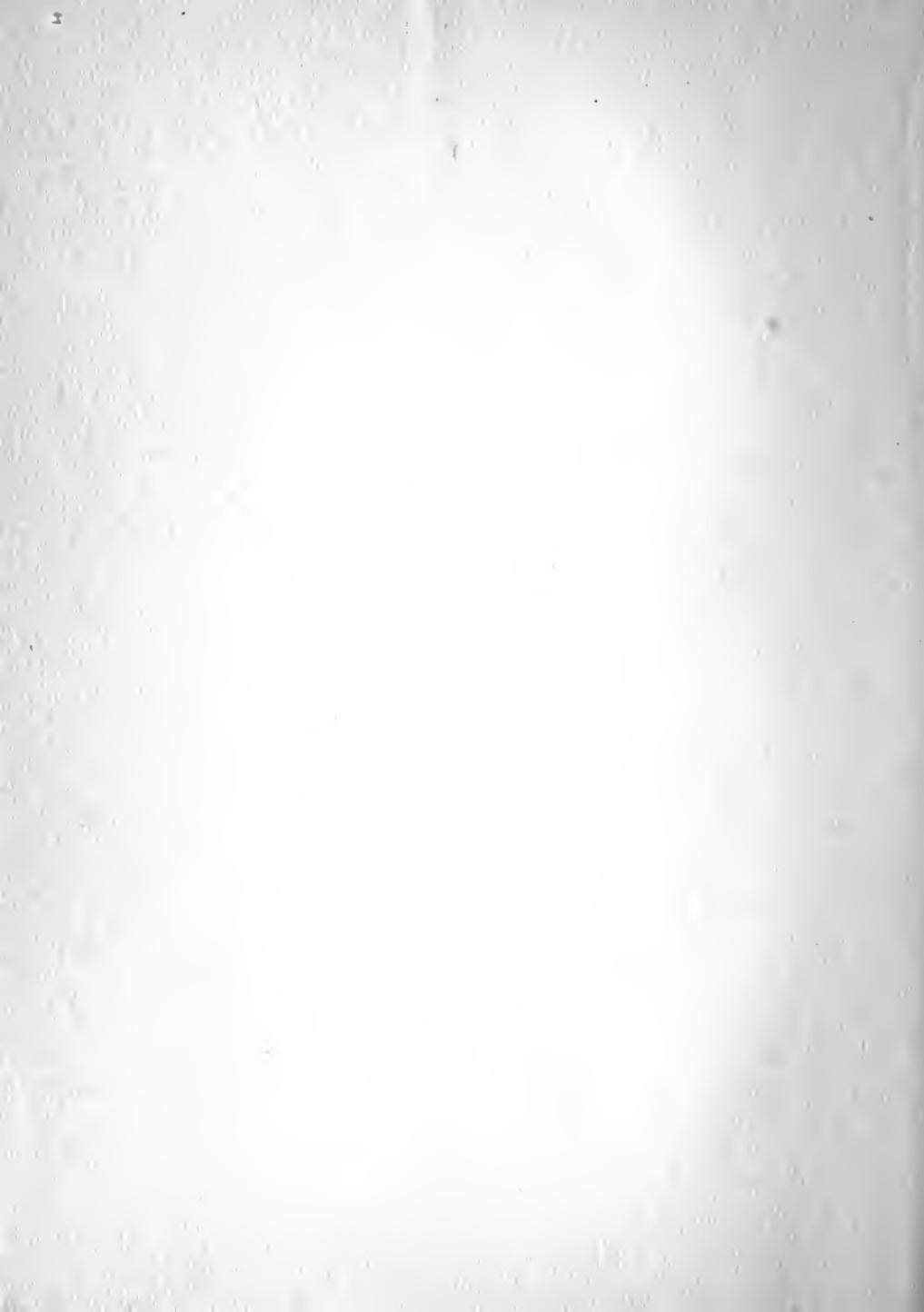


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NATURA cupida est, et libentius accipit quam
donat. amat propria et privata. Gratia
autem pia est et communis, vitat singularia, conten-
tatur paucis, beatius dare judicat quam accipere.

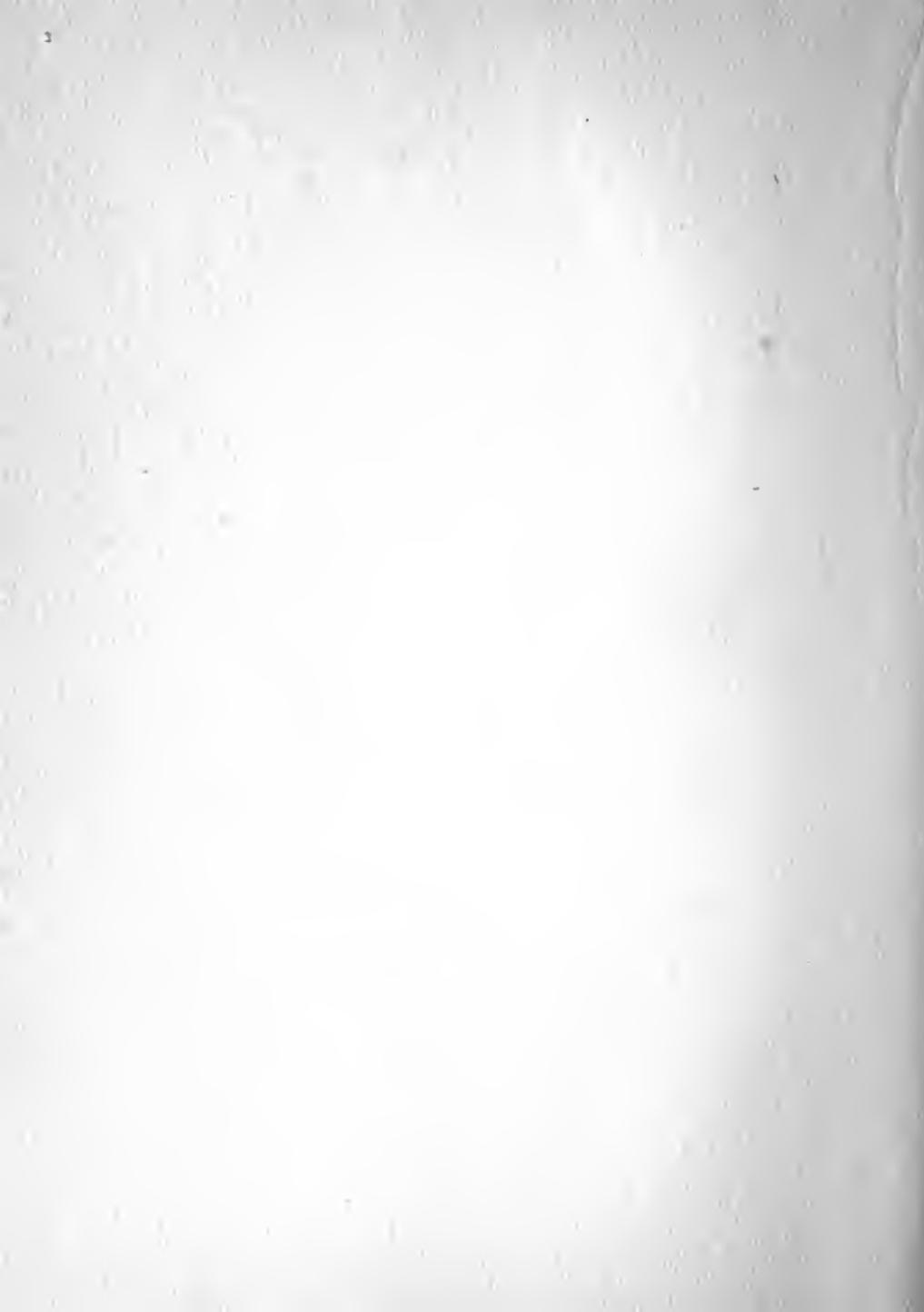
DE IMITAT. CHRISTI.

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DEDICATION.

TO them, whose eyes prophetic look upon
The breaking of God's light above the dawn,
And them that toil, heart-wearied with the strife,
Amid the dark, against the ills of life,
These words are sent, in love and hope, by one
Who waits with faith, to hail the rising sun.



SIGNS OF DAWN.

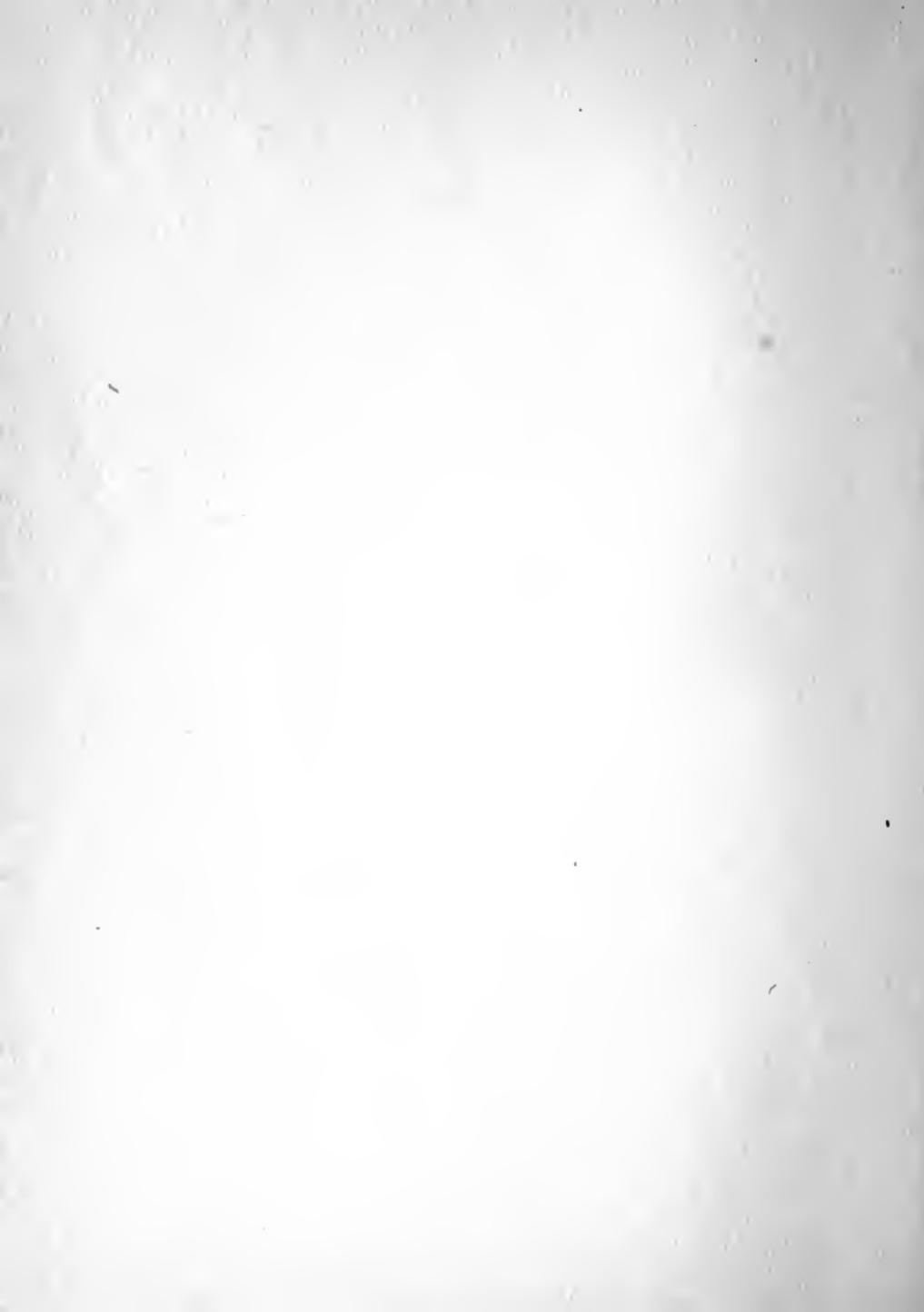
’ **M**ID chilling dews I stand and wait,
In hope I wait and pray,
Till morn shall ope the sapphire gate
That bars the golden day ;

For long in woe the silent earth
Has lain, as in a tomb,
The stars but faintly showing forth
The glories yet to come.

But lo ! the moon’s diminished arc
Is paling in the east ;
The day-star rises from the dark,
Sweet morning’s white-robed priest ;

The clouds and shadows haste away,
The dawn is beaming white ;
A blessed soul, the rising day,
Leaps from the dying night.

THE RESCUE OF
THE PRINCESS.



THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS.

DEEP in the shadow of an ancient wood,
Whose towering summit rose against the skies,
A sullen castle stood, so old and dark,
So deep embowered amid the forest gloom,
That even its loftiest turrets, which, like spears,
Pierced to the stars, as if in fierce assault
Against their glory, ne'er received a ray
Of morning sunshine; nor the warmth of noon
Lifted the dank dews from the frowning walls;
For all so high up-grew the ancient wood,
That its wide umbrage made perpetual night,
Where owls at noon tide shrieked, and noisome winds
Moved to and fro with melancholy moan.

On every hand a heaven-defying hill
Rose steep and bare against the wholesome breeze,
Bathing its proud peek in the snowy clouds;

But the cold light that glittered on the cliffs
Sank never back into that wood's dark breast,
And never on the castle windows fell
The pleasant light of day.

Forever barred
Against the world the massive portals stood ;
Forever frowning, black amid the shades,
Appeared the mildewed walls. A thing of fear
It seemed ; though they who dwelt beneath its roof
Called it, "The Home of Joy." The yawning moat
That compassed it about was foul with green
And stenching waters ; and the open draw
Hung rusting on its hinges.

Round the towers
Fluttered both day and night a cloud of bats ;
While hissing serpents moved o'er the damp ground,
Threatening with forked tongue.

Ages had passed
Since man's rude hand had reared this barbarous pile,
And digged the moat, and set the trees, that grew
More rank each day against the joy of light ;
Till all the people, who, in hate and fear,
Gazed on the sullen castle, gave the place
A sad and ominous name, " The Hold of Gloom."

Proud of the darkness, here Goloso dwelt,
A cruel king, enriched by boundless greed,—
By greed enriched, by riches made a king.
And in luxurious ease and pleasures foul,
With wealth, his soul's chief joy, entrenched behind
The fearful ramparts and the slimy moat,
In the grim horror of the wood, he lived ;
And by his servile minions, laid in waste,
Through spoil and rapine, all the region round.

And here, alas ! imprisoned in the gloom,
With cheeks all pale, and eyes astream with tears,

The sweet Lavora pined in a dark cell ;
For ravished from her home of Light and Love
By the fierce soldiers of the greedy king,
She came a captive, bound beneath his power.
With iron chains he bound her, hand and foot,
Confined from air and light in this dark hold,
That tribute from her people he might gain.

Ah me ! the bitter anguish of her heart
What tongue can tell ? And who can speak the woe
That filled her soul, when, with bowed head, and hair
Streaming in golden clouds about her face,
She thought upon the misery of her land ?
Full oft with breaking heart, she cried aloud
In tones that spake in prophecy and prayer,
And from her prison sent her tearful song : —

THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVE

THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

HARK ! how the children weep !
O God, how thy people are groaning !
While, in the loathsome keep,
I pine, 'mid the darkness moaning.

I, that should be like a song,
To thrill their souls with gladness,
Droop under tyrant wrong,
And bring but strife and sadness.

When shall thy hand, O Lord,
Appear with a flaming morrow ?
When shall thy flashing sword
Strike down all wrong and sorrow ?

Hasten, dear God, the day
Of justice and love and gladness !
Strike with thy piercing ray
The spirit of gloom and madness !

Out of this hell-like keep
Oh, hear the voice of my moaning !
Hark, how the children weep ;
And hear thy people groaning !

A LAS, how vain her wailing ! nevermore
The prayers of the sweet Princess, or her cries,
Or streaming tears, or mournful singing waked
The cruel king to ruth. No sorrow fell
For others' woes upon his greedy soul ;
No gentle spirit of sympathy distilled
Sad moisture from his eyes. His dream of life
Was gain. The living passion of his soul
Was the unholy gathering of wealth
By never sated greed.

So year by year
In merciless bondage, under strong chains bowed,
The ruthless king that tender maid confined
In his dark hold, that on her fated land
Of Light and Love, dire tribute he might lay,
And wear her suffering tribes to want and woe.

But they for her sweet sake, in her sweet name,
Day after day from infancy to age,
Brought with bowed backs, and faces stooped to earth,
Their loads of wealth and laid them at his feet.

Their loads of wealth they brought from the fair land
Of Light and Love, while the young children wailed
With hunger's pangs and piercing winds, that blew
Upon their naked limbs. The mother's eyes
Were red from weeping; and the father toiled
In mute despair, nor dared look up to heaven,
For vengeance of his wrongs.

And while the years
Sped on in misery for the laboring horde,
The growing powers that filled the land with gain
Became but growing burdens. Greater loads
Oppressed the peoples' shoulders as they brought
Increasing tribute to the hold of greed.

So evermore the thousands toiled for one,
Wearing their souls like cattle of the fields,
In silent, thoughtless suffering ; slaves supine
To an insatiate maw.

O day of grief!
Ye thoughtless throngs, that labor as in dreams,
Is there no man among you will rise up,
And casting from his heart all fear, strike out
One blow for justice in the name of God ?

Yea ! for behold, the night is overpassed,
And morn, with tender fingers, draws aside
The curtains of the purple east, and calls
The waking sun. Already loud with song
O'er field and fell the early birds appear,
While on the sunrise hills the changing clouds
Turn from the gray night mist to golden flowers,
And crown with holy light the coming day.

And Lucio, son of light, whose days were spent,
From earliest childhood, in the service sweet
Of noble science, out of slumber rose
And walked among the dews of early morn.
He looked upon the beauty of the hour
And breathed the heavenly air; then with his face
Uplifted to the skies, like a young bird,
Thrilled unto music by the joy, he sang,
With palpitating soul, the Song of Light: —

THE SONG OF LIGHT



THE SONG OF LIGHT

Lo, when the dusk is gone
How the tender morning surprises !
Radiance, music and joy
 Wake over woodland and wold ;
Up to the clear cool sky
 The mist of the valley arises ;
There shall the pall of the night
 Change to a banner of gold.

Over the lawns, where late
 Night's silent garments were trailing,
Dews, like gems of the mine,
 Gleam with their myriad hues ;

Chill as the mists of the night
Rise voices of woe and of wailing ;
Only God's justice can make
Diamonds out of these dews.

Only the light of God
Can lead these souls into beauty,
Fill them with glorious dreams,
Noble, eternal and free ;
But to dispel the gloom
And bring that light is a duty ;
Love the duty shall pay ;
Love shall the messenger be.

SO Lucio sang ; for while in the new light
He stood and saw the glory on the hills,
From out earth's shadowy hollows a low wail
Came borne upon the breezes. He could hear
The voice of want and sorrow ; the weak cry
Of starving infants suckling at the breast
Of wasted mothers ; and the groans of men
Bowed with great burdens.

And afar he heard
The Princess, in her anguish, from the gloom,
Singing her strain of prophecy and prayer ;

“Hasten, O God, thy justice and thy love ;
And strike the maddening darkness with thy light.”

Then with his face turned sunward he out spake ;

“ In all such loveliness and light, dear Lord,
These piteous cries come not from laws of thine.
Such jarrings grate upon the tender ear
Of loving nature, and with certain voice,
Condemn as false, the harsh and heartless laws
That speak in thy sweet name.”

With striding pace
He hastened to a temple near at hand,
Embowered in fragrant verdure, where the light
Streamed in soft beauty through the storied panes,
While pealing music from the organ rose,
And filled the vaulted aisles with holy dreams.

Here robed in sacred vestments Pio kneeled,
His gentle brother, bowed in humble prayer,
While heavenward with the music soared his thoughts.
And Lucio touched his shoulder :

“ Brother, rise ;
Behold the sorrow and the wretchedness
That press upon the people. Hear the voice
That cries to heaven for vengeance. Let thine eyes
Look down upon the valleys. Thou shall see
In arms of wasted mothers helpless babes
Dying of cold and hunger ; thou shall hear
Strong men, grown old and wrinkled ere their time,
Moan under burdens more than man can bear.
Rise, brother, and be thine no couch of ease ;
Nor let thy meditations check thy zeal ;
But light the sacred torch.

“ Go forth, and call
The people from the fields, and bid them hear
The words of wisdom in the name of God ;
Myself shall bear the flashing lance of flame
To urge and lead them on, with thee for guide.

The forest must be felled, that light may strike
The gloomy hold of greed. Without thy torch
All effort toils for nought; but with thy light
To guide the willing foot and hand of power,
No force can stay the victory.

“ From thy torch
Shall fly all evil skill; and the false king
Shall die amid his greed. Then raise thy voice,
And speed the hour of triumph; for behold,
The time is ripe when justice shall be done.”

He ceased, and 'neath the temple's vaulted roof
The organ poured rich music, whilst uprose
The voice of Pio, soft and full of love,
Chanting, in blessed peace, a holy strain,
That filled the world with music. Thus he sang:—

THE SONG OF LOVE.



THE SONG OF LOVE.

OUT of the night and gloom
Shines with a sudden light
God's most wondrous star
Guiding the world aright;
Filling with rich perfume
Earth and the heavens above;
Leading Kings from afar
Bound on the quest of love.

Shepherds on hill-sides bare,
Tending their silent sheep,
Gaze on the light divine,
Mute in their wonder deep;
Lo ! through the dazzling air,
High over hill and grove,
Choirs of angels shine,
Chanting the song of love.

Hark to the angel song,—
Music that ne'er shall cease,—
Glory to God on high,
And unto man sweet peace.
Earth shall be great and strong ;
Peace shall brood as a dove ;
Christ shall glow through the sky,
Ruling by light and love.

Born in a manger low,
Even as a babe he lies,
Soft on the Virgin's breast—
Maker of earth and skies.
Kings their gifts bestow,
Angels haste from above,
Earth in its woe oppressed
Kneels to the King of love.

WHILE mingled with the music, still arose
The solemn chant, the morning's level rays
Came in rich colors through the storied panes
And fell upon the singer's gentle face,
That shone as with a halo. Then he spake :—

“ Thou sayest well, O Lucio; love and truth
Are in thy voice; I hear the cries of woe,
That rise with beating hands against the heavens,
Praying to God for justice. Lo, God wills
That justice shall not linger. I will go.”

He rose and lighting up the sacred torch,
He went among the people in the fields,
And through the noisy mills, and cheerless mines,
And wheresoe'er the head in toil was bowed,
Calling men from their labors.

One and all
They rose and followed him, their faces marred
By marks of grief and hunger; and he cried :—

“Rise up, ye men of might, and in God’s name
Give ear unto the words of truth and love.”

His voice, so sweet and cheerful, drove away
The look of blank despair from every face ;
And eagerly they followed after him
To where the youthful Lucio, with his lance
Flashing against the morning sunbeams, stood ;
And pointing to the youth, he cried aloud :—

“Ye toilers, hearken to the words of light ;
For unto you the son of light shall speak,
My brother Lucio ; hear ye him ; his words
Are words of truth and wisdom. Be your ranks
Bound in the strength of unity for right,
And follow where we lead.”

Then lifting up
A cry, that rang among the multitude
With fierce sincerity, young Lucio said :—

“ Have ye not heard, O people, from the earth
The bitterness of weeping ? See ye not
The red eyes of the mothers, with the babes
Dead on their bosoms ? Feel ye not, even now,
The fierce and pitiless pangs that hunger gives ?
Now, why among the glories of the earth
Should these things be ? Seek in yourselves the cause.
The Princess, who should be your hope and stay,
Gentle Lavora, is as captive kept
By that harsh King whose power is gain and greed.
And ye, to save her life, deem it brave work
To sacrifice your own.

“ O, men of power,
Why are ye shorn of all redeeming thought ?
Why bow your great neck to the enslaving yoke ?
Is it for nought that heaven has filled the world
With holy light to show your strength and worth ?

“ Is it for nought that in your inmost soul
A living voice proclaims the rights of man ?
The power to save the Princess from her wrongs,
And so to raise yourselves, is in your hands.
Ye hold that power but as an idle thing ;
And yet 'tis crime to slight it, God's own gift,
Entrusted to your charge for righteous use.

“ Yea ! God's might with his people still remains,
And he demands a faithful stewardship,
Blessing the worthy servant with his love,
And casting forth the idle from his face.

“ Ye know full well the grievous laws that bind
Your children to the earth in toil and want ;
While bloated by unhallowed wealth and pride,
The greedy tyrant with his scourging lash
Lifts high the front of scorn. Your Princess pines
In darkness and dishonor in his hold,
And ye stand idle, with the power to save.

Will ye go on forever, poor weak slaves,
Hopeless, despised and starved? Or will ye rise
And, bound in the strong bonds of brotherhood,
Strike a great blow for liberty and right?"

A shout from the wild multitude arose
That shook the world; "Lead on; we'll strike the
blow."

"Your Queen is captive to the King of greed;
The King is in your power. What might can stay
The force of your fierce onset? Who withstand
The earnest strife for justice? Will ye go
And free the Princess from the tyrant's chains?
Thus shall yourselves be free. Speak out, O men;
For now is the hour for action. Will ye go?"

He ceased and for a moment silence reigned;
Then came a shout, more mighty than the first,
With fiercer fury from the surging throngs;

“ Lead on,” they cried ; “ we follow where you lead.”

Then mounted on a pair of noble steeds,
Richly caparisoned in gold and white,
With lighted torch and flaming lance of fire,
Lucio and gentle Pio led the way,
The armed host behind them voicing forth
A song of freedom thundering to the skies :—

THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

AS the rolling waves of the sea,
As the rosy clouds of the dawn,
As the breeze that stirs in the tree,
Or the mist that trails o'er the lawn ;
So the soul of man shall be
Free, and forever free.

The hour of wrong is gone ;
From its sheath the sword is drawn ;
It flashes o'er land and sea ;
And the light shall lead us on
To the shrine of Liberty.

Our only bonds shall be,
 The bonds of faith and love
The powers of the earth and sea,
 And the powers of the air above
To man and his needs shall be
Free, and forever free.

The hour of wrong is gone ;
From its sheath the sword is drawn ;
 It flashes o'er land and sea ;
And the light shall lead us on
 To the shrine of Liberty.

SO with the thunderous sound of song they came
To the dark wood, and heard the hooting owls,
And felt the shuddering breeze that wafted out
From its black bosom. Vapors dense and foul
Sickened the breathing air; while noises dread
Grated the ear with terror; and the place
Seemed all so full of horror that the men
Turned with blanched faces; and the slackening ranks
Broke, as if ripe for flight.

But Pio rode
Swift to the front, and with the sacred torch
High o'er the throngs, he spake in fearless words:—

“ Press onward, O ye pioneers of right!
In this your hour of triumph scorn to turn!
Falter not, now; but let the sharpened axe
Strike every tree and fell it to the earth,
Till the straight road to justice shall appear.

So shall the darkness fly, and heavenly rays
Shall drive all evil from this ancient grove,
And light it up in beauty's golden bloom."

And Lucio by his side, with lance of flame,
Flashing against the sun, a lightning beam,
Pointing to the dread castle cried aloud :—

" Be firm and falter not, ye men of hope !
In union ye are safe ; let no base fear
Assail your spirits ; for your hour is come
Of triumph and of glory. As one man
Strike for the Princess and her liberty !
Strike, and strike now for justice in God's name."

Scarce had the bold youth ceased his burning words,
When with resounding strokes the axes fell,
And rotting timbers dropped on every hand.

The gentle Pio, with his sacred torch,
Led on through the broad way, and cheered the hosts

With words of comfort, and sweet hymns of love.
As to the clanging axe the great trees fell,
Crashing against the earth, the rays of heaven
Drove from the wood all darkness.

All day long
And through the weary night the toilers strove,
Pressing still onward, singing with one voice
Loud songs of freedom, and the hymns of love
By gentle Pio taught. So, as one man,
They wrought, and felled to earth the ancient trees
That shaded heaven's glory.

When the skies
Whitened against the early dawn, they came
Unto the festering moat, and looked upon
The Hold of Gloom, where the unrighteous King
Revelled in unearned wealth, and sat at ease
In never doubted safety.

With a roar
Of triumph and fierce joy that rent the skies,
Gaining new hope, they pressed in fearless ranks
Against the castle, bridged the moat with trees,
And from its rusting hinges battered down
The clanging draw of iron.

Then the throng,
Even as a mountain torrent, surged amain
Through the wide opening, tearing down the walls.
White faced with terror from his loaded board,
Goloso rose, and with the fawning wiles
Of a foiled tyrant, strove to save his life : —

“ I cry for quarter. Toilers, hear my words,
And weigh the promise that I make to you.
Your toils are great indeed, and my heart bleeds
To think upon your troubles. Much of late
I’ve meditated measures of relief ;

And even now have fallen upon a plan
That will bring joy and comfort to your lives ;
It is a boon that I rejoice to yield ;
'Tis this ; your tribute shall be cut in halves,
The one part yours, the other mine ; to-day
The better order shall begin. Is't not
A gentle offer that I make, O friends ?
Your land shall bloom with plenty ; every day
Your gentle Queen shall breathe pure air ; your lives
Shall be twice happier than they were before.
Long have I sought with diligence to plan
These blessings, and behold them perfect now !
Hear, I beseech, O friends, my words of peace .”

Ah ! cruel King, too late thy cowardly terms ;
For now in ringing tones young Lucio's voice
Is heard above the impatient multitude ;

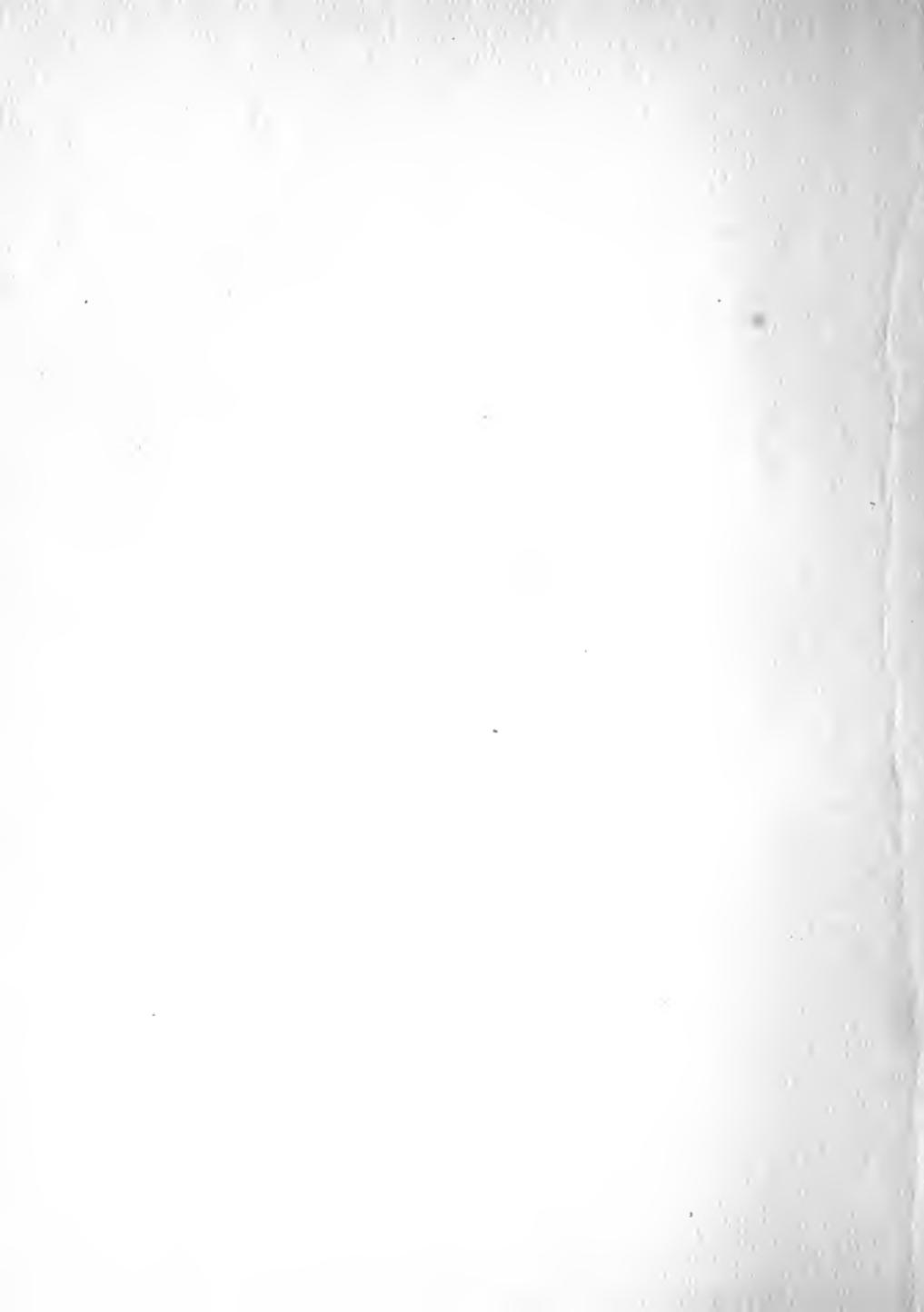
“ No truce, O Toilers, with unrighteousness !
The hour is yours ; down with the reign of greed ! ”

Then with a voice deeper than ocean's roar,
Like waves of a great sea, the multitude
Came thundering on, and answered back, "No truce!"

No truce! Nay, still like surging waves they came
And rose above the tyrant; ramparts fell;
The great walls crumbled even as walls of sand;
And o'er the ruins moved in earnest throngs
The host of stern destroyers, wiping out
Injustice from the world, and trampling down
With resolution firm that hateful King,
Whose unclosed eyes glared upward, ghastly pale,
Where the lost soul had left them, passing through.

Then from her gloomy prison-cell released,
The Princess, sweet Lavora, beautiful
In the pure air of freedom, shining came,
Like a white angel from the halls of Love,
And lifting with the multitude her voice,
Sang out her song of triumph to the world; —

THE SONG OF TRIUMPH.



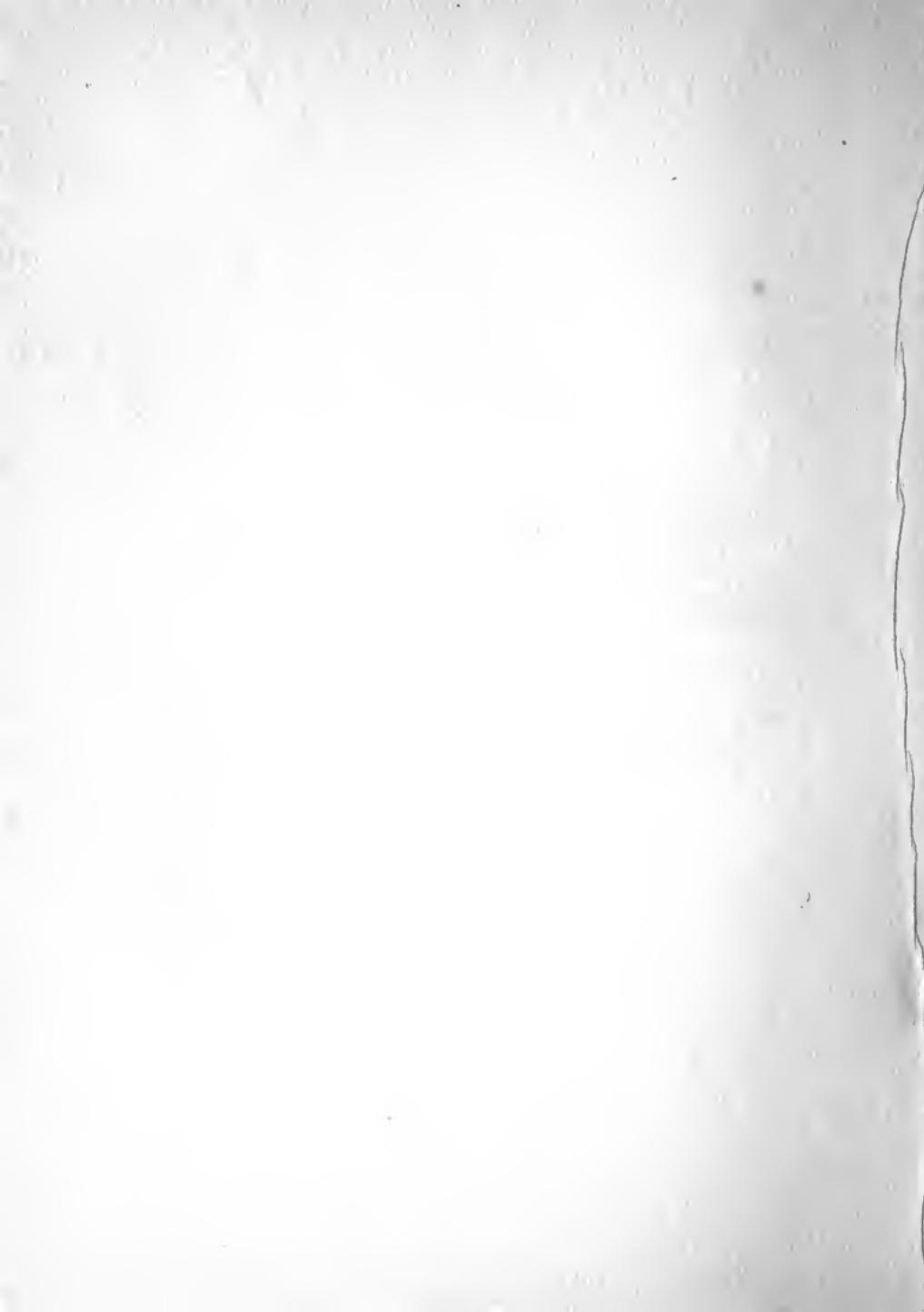
THE SONG OF TRIUMPH.

O GOD, thy holy hour is here at last ;
The night of hate and greed is overpassed ;
And love shall rule the land forevermore.

The clouds and shadows of the dark are gone,
The morning star is bright, and the great dawn
Bespeaks the rising sun from shore to shore.

O'er all the waking world the light divine
In streams of heavenly loveliness shall shine,
And every lingering wrong shall fly before.

No longer men shall moan and children cry,
Upon the mother's cheek the tears are dry ;
For light and love are ours forevermore.



THE VOICE OF THE DAWN.



THE VOICE OF THE DAWN.

LET your spirits aloft, ye toilers, worried and weary;
Hark to the voice that speaks from the luminous
lips of the dawn ;
See, how the shapes of dread depart with their mutter-
ings dreary ;
Falsehood and fear depart, for the pall of the night is
withdrawn.

Pause in your strifes, O Men, in your struggles and toils
unavailing ;
Pause for awhile, and turn your eyes to the sweetness
of light ;
Ye, who are singing for joy, give ear to the souls that
are wailing ;
Ye, who are seared by Wrong, come, fly for your heal-
ing to Right.

Hark to the angel song, the silvery voice of the morning;
“ Peace shall dwell on the earth, and love shall rejoice in the rays;
Hate shall fly from the light, with the rumor of strife
and of scorning;
Woe’s sharp wail shall change to the jubilant music of
praise.”

Up from your sleep, O Brothers, awake from your indolent dreaming!
Rise from your needless bondage, hateful and foul as a grave!
Tear from your wrists the gyves; for the light of God,
that is streaming
Over the earth, demands that your souls shall be fearless and brave.

Ye, who are glad, will ye tearless look on the dole of the weeping ?

Ye, who are bowed in soul, will ye not be free of your woe ?

Seize the power divine, which Heaven has placed in your keeping ;

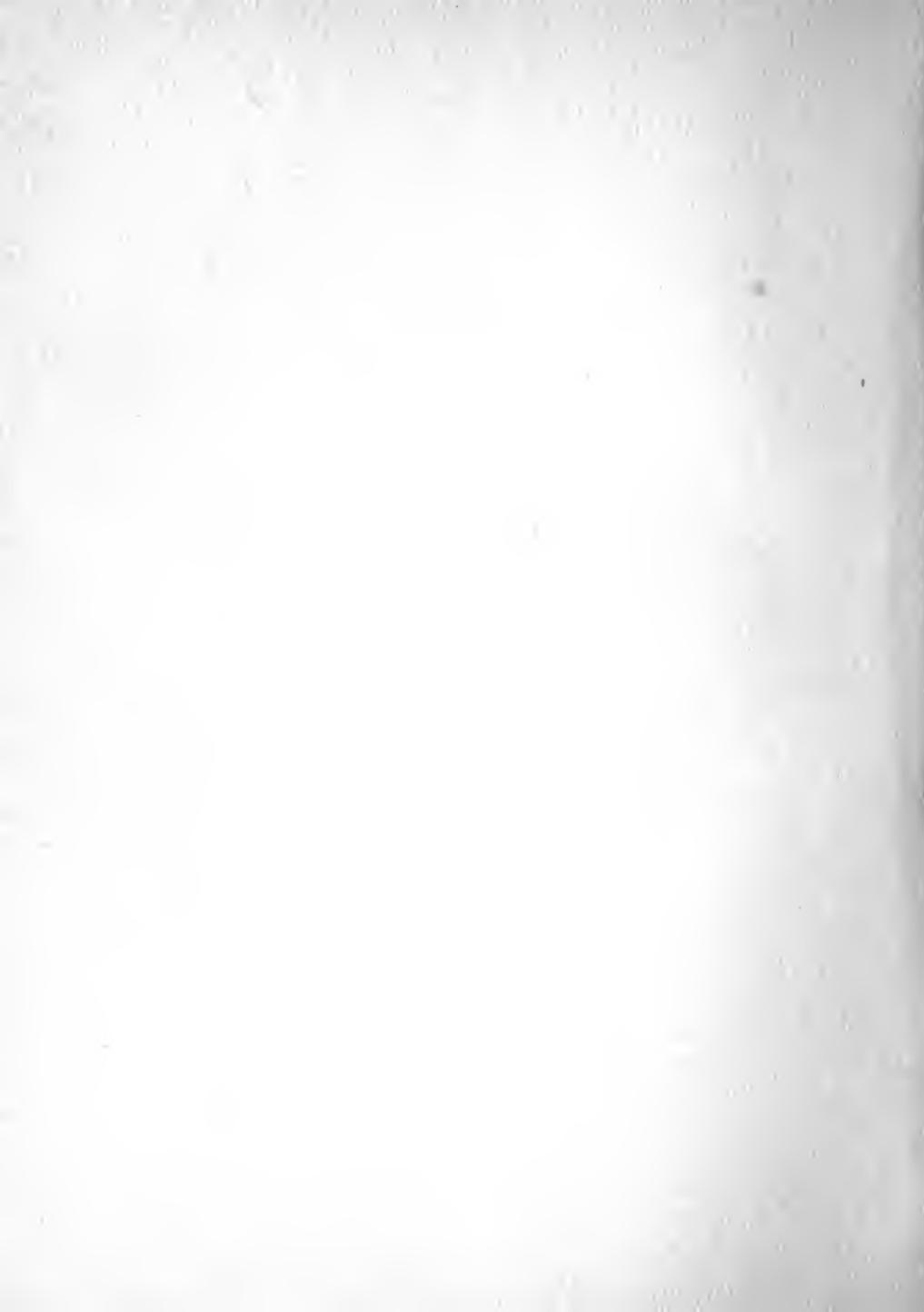
Strike for your own ; ye shall find the finger of God in the blow !

Send your hosannas on high ; to the Father be glory and honor ;

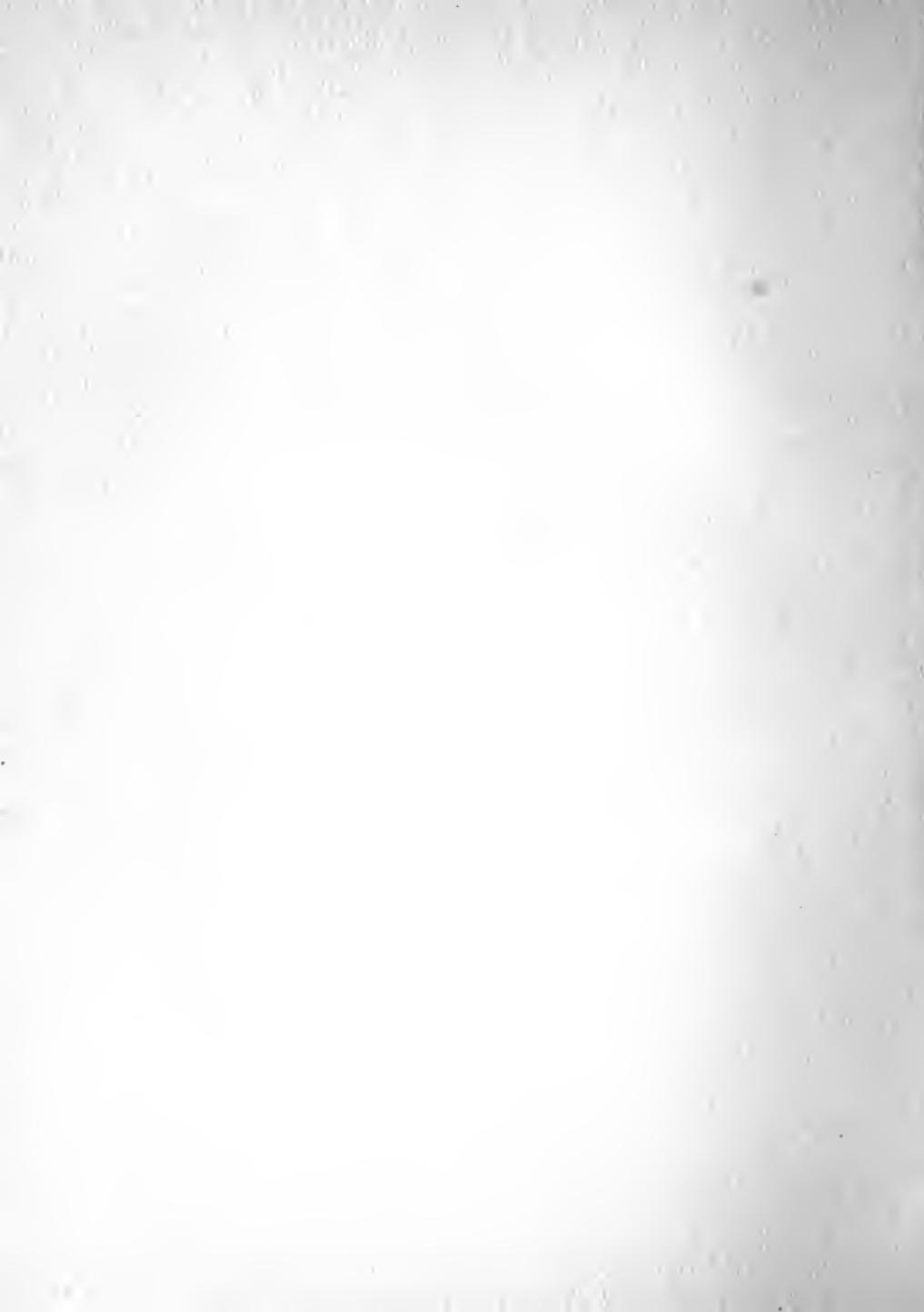
And to the Brotherhood Man, let peace and pleasure be born ;

Justice shall reign on the earth, and Love shall uplift her high banner ; —

This is the voice that speaks from the luminous lips of the morn.



THE SONG OF PROMISE.



THE SONG OF PROMISE.

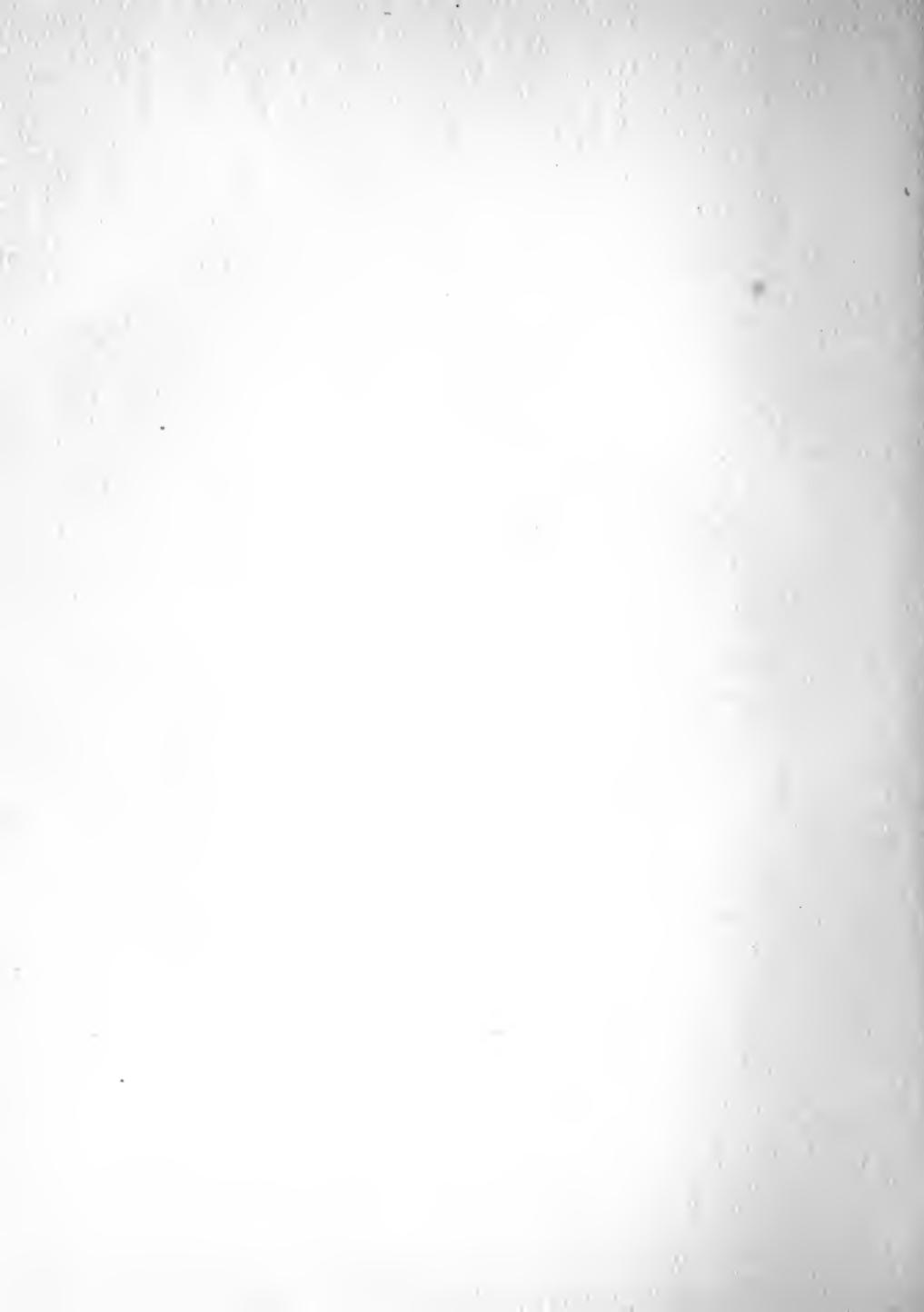
THE star of God's promise is beaming,
And tells of the dawn that is near ;
In music that rings through the azure
The choirings of angels I hear.
Their song is the herald of morning,—
See Christ with the cross in his hand !
The day of his power is awaking,
And justice shall live in the land.

Morn comes and the light of her footsteps
Is bright on the paths of the earth ;
The hills are aflame, and the glory
Outshines in the joy of new birth.

The toiler, released from his bondage,
Takes honor's white flag in his hand ;
Bright flashes the saber of justice,—
No wrong shall remain in the land.

Rise, Brothers, and grasp the ripe moment ;
The firm hand shall force the reward ;
In union is strength ; but remember
That "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord.
Though wronged and defamed and defrauded,
No stain shall dishonor your brand ;
The square deal shall come by stern manhood,
But love shall be lord of the land.

THE MESSAGE.



THE MESSAGE.

UPON a hill-side where the rising sun,
With level rays, turns the wide fields to gold,
Amid the dews, the poet walks, and sees
The shadows from the hollows vanishing.

The breath of morning lifts his soul as high
As the light clouds, that o'er the floor of heaven
Lie like rose-petals, scattered by the breeze ;
And from his lofty station he beholds
The waking world, with all the powers of air
And earth and ocean, throbbing at his feet.
Yet not with admiration, but with grief
The vision of the morning fills his soul ;
For 'mid the glories of the universe
He sees the serpent trail of greed and strife.

Men hasten through the fields and lanes to seek
Their morning tasks ; the factory whistles scream
Harsh calls to labor ; thousands of swift cars,
Impelled by harnessed lightning, or the powers
Of fire and water, bear their human freight,
In frenzied haste, to fields of toil and strife.

Vast throngs of men and women he beholds,
Both old and young, forever pressing on
With anxious stare, in struggle for bare life ;
Children scarce more than nurslings, with sad lines
Upon their faces drawn of woe and want ;
Maidens from whose sweet cheeks the rose has fled,
And men whose brows show weariness of heart,—
Victims of greed, slaves of imbruting toil.

Meanwhile the kine in pleasant pastures crop
The tender grasses ; on the hill-sides feed
The quiet sheep, and young lambs skip and play ;
And where the stream, with winding channel, cleaves
The widening dell, gather the noisy geese ;
While birds are singing to their fledgling broods.

Long time the poet looks upon the scene,
His bosom swelling with a sense of wrong.
The wisdom that the ages of the world
Had proudly vaunted as the light of Heaven
Sent unto man from the high throne of God,
Now, in the luminous flooding of his soul,
Shows but the beldame countenance of guile,
And with the passing shadows slink away.
Love rouses up his heart with strength ; his voice
Rises above the din, while with pale lips,
Cleansed like the prophet's by a burning coal
From God's white fire of justice, thus he speaks,
And sends his message to the soul of man :—

Pause, O my Brothers, in your maddening strife ;
Pause, and behold the folly of your haste !
The voice that ye have honored as of God,
And in your anxious fear, strive to obey,—
The master who hath stamped upon your souls
As holy doctrine that outworn decree,
“ Each for himself,” is false to God and you.
Cease from your strife, and lift your souls aloft
Among the sunny clouds, where the sweet air
Shall fill your lives with joy and deathless truth.

Behold, O Toilers, all this beauteous world,
That, with the air and ocean, comes to you,
Children of love, free as the spacious heavens,
The gift of everlasting Charity !
See how it lies before you, all unmarred
By evil or by foul deformity,
A wondrous gift from God, your generous Sire,
To you, O Brothers, children of His love.

The concave heaven, where all night long the stars
Move with calm faces, and all day the clouds
Are blown in everchanging loveliness ;
The pulsing ocean, kissing the white beach
With ever-rolling billows ; and the earth
With her wide inland seas, her flooding ways,
And roaring mountain torrents,—these are yours ;
Yours—and the voice that dares deny your claim
Shall fall dishonored by the works of God.

Pause, listen and behold ! The skies proclaim
Man's majesty ; the air bows to his rule ;
Earth with her mountain floods, forests and mines,
Stoops to his conquering might ; and ocean's waves
Bend in fierce storms obedient to his will.
Yea ! unto you, Majestic Brotherhood,
The everlasting Love hath given the rein
O'er nature's wondrous forces.

Not to one,
Nor to a few, nor the surviving fit,—
Detested word, meet but for murder's tongue,—
Are God's great mercies measured ; but to all,
To each and all, one general Brotherhood,
He giveth of his everlasting love
In everlasting measure ; to man's race
He giveth soul and sense and a sweet home,
Wherein to live and love and bless his name.

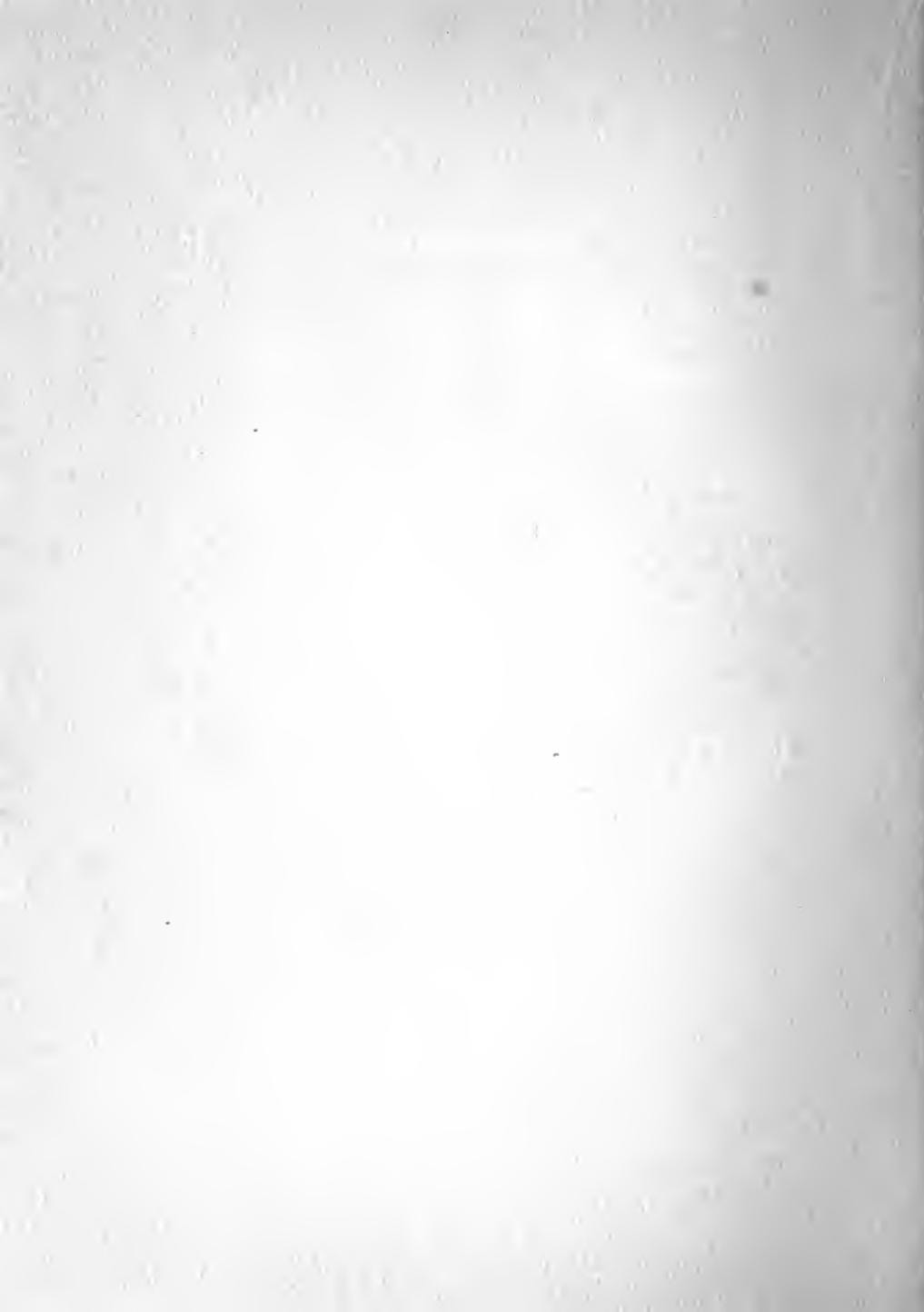
Yours is the air, with all its wondrous powers ;
Yours is the earth, with all its teeming wealth ;
Yours is the water, flowing round the globe ;
And yours the power to curb and conquer all.

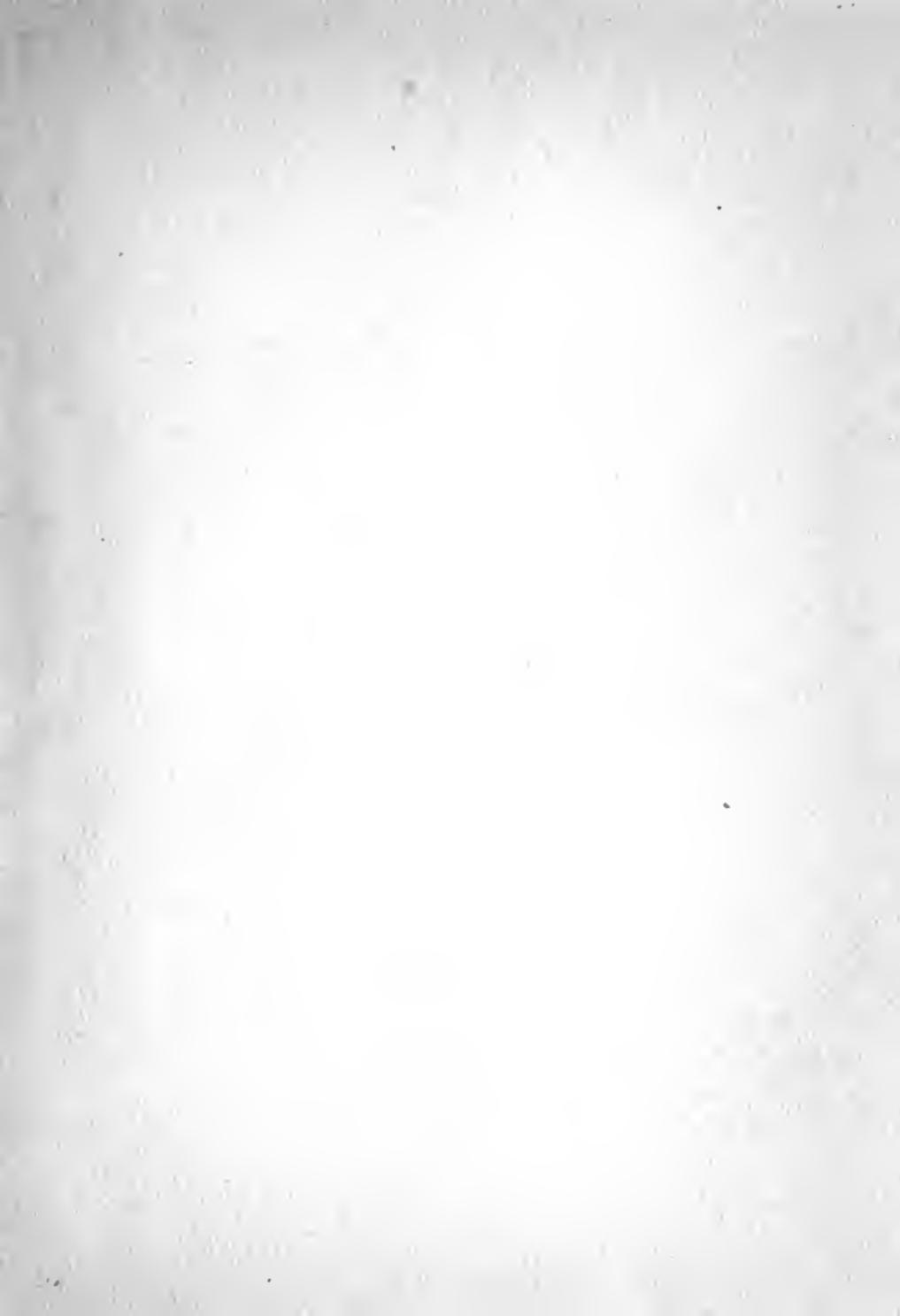
But yours must be the might that bindeth fast
Each unto each ; for every man shall know
His brother's welfare and his own is one ;
Shall feel forevermore, o'er all the earth,

The gentle love that sees a Fatherhood
In God's all-powerful being, and in Man
The sweetness of one general Brotherhood.

Such love will fill your souls with wisdom's might ;
Will show the vanity of selfish strife,
And the sweet joy of one united will.
The cruelty and greed of natural man
Shall thaw and melt away in its mild warmth,
And grace shall rule the heart with serene power.

Hark to the message, while the morn is young !
Lift up your souls unto the sunny clouds,
And learn the living wisdom of God's love.





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